

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

No. 87 • 22nd MAY 1970

PRICE 1/-

The Snow Queen's Daughter—
a lovely story on page 12.



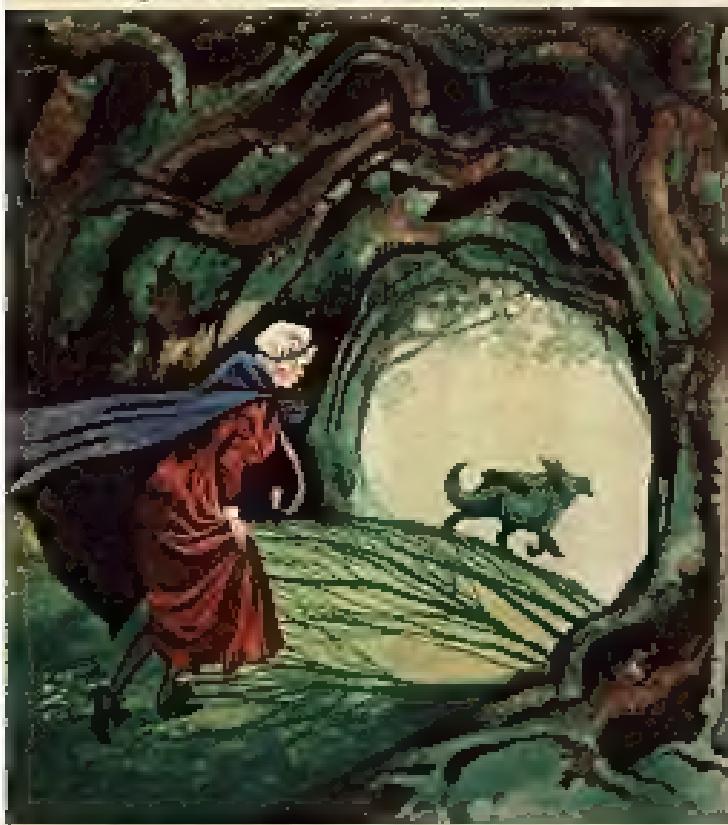
The Tinder Box



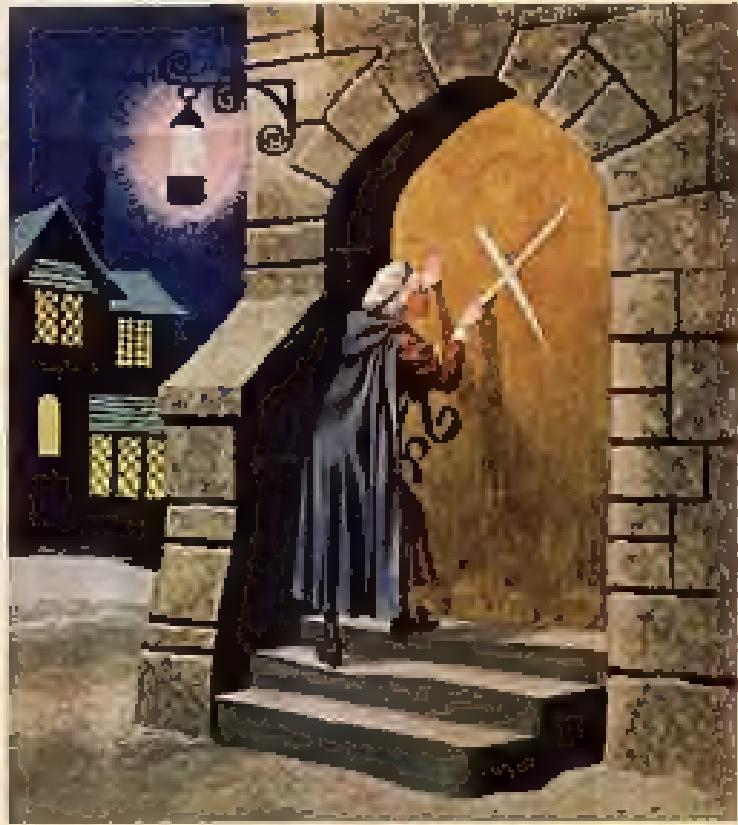
1. On the morning after the dog with eyes as big as teacups had carried the Princess to the soldier's house for a few moments, breakfast was served to the King and Queen and their lovely daughter in the copper castle. "Last night I had such an odd dream," the Princess said. "I dreamt that I was riding on the back of a huge dog and a soldier lay all down and kissed my hand."



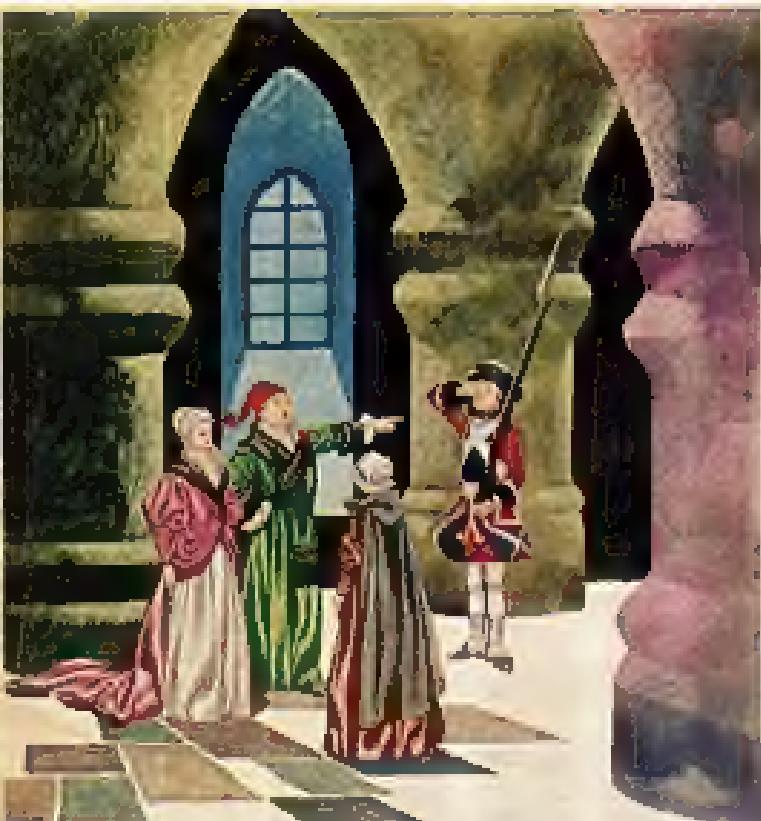
2. "A pretty sort of dream indeed!" exclaimed the Queen, and that night she told one of the maids to keep watch in the bedroom of the Princess. Now, the soldier longed to see the fair Princess again and summoned the dog to fetch her. This the dog did and the maid was astonished to see the enormous animal come into the bedroom of the Princess and put her gently on its back.



3. The dog hurried away with the sleeping Princess, taking her out of the copper castle and through the woodlands that led to the town. Whereupon the maid put on a cloak and followed at a safe distance, to find out where it was taking the Princess.



4. She saw the dog vanish into a little house. "Now I know what to do," she thought to herself. "I will make sure that this house is well remembered." Taking out a piece of chalk, she then put a large white cross on the door and went back to the palace.



5. By the time the maid got there the Princess was safely back in her room, for the soldier had not dared to keep her longer than the time it took him to kiss her hand again. But when the maid told the King and Queen about it, the King called one of the Royal Guards. "Get two men ready to go with myself and the Queen on a journey to the town," the King commanded him.



6. Now on the way back to the cave beneath the hollow oak tree where it lived, the dog with eyes as big as teacups happened to go back through the town and it saw that the door of the soldier's house now had a white cross on it. And, being a dog of great intelligence, it at once found another piece of chalk and put a cross on every door of every house in the neighbourhood.



7. Early in the morning out came the King, the Queen, the maid and three of the Royal Guards, every one of them very curious to see where the Princess had been. "Here is the place," said the King, as soon as he saw a door with a white cross on it.

8. "My dear, where are your eyes? This is the place," said the Queen, seeing a second door marked with chalk. Then they saw crosses on the doors everywhere—and it was evident that their search would be in vain and they would have to give it up.

TURKEY

Turkey is quite large, three times the size of Britain. It stretches like a bridge between East and West.

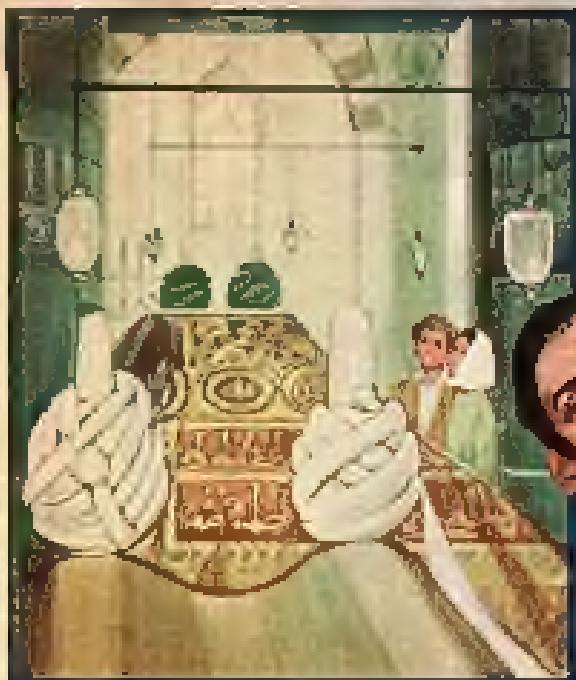


Most of the Turks are peasants who have small farms. They keep sheep and Angora goats, whose long, silky hair is made into mohair. These Turks are examining the wool at a wool-market.



Even in a big, modern city like Istanbul, lemonade-sellers are still to be seen in the streets. On the right is a public scribe. He writes letters for people who cannot write themselves. Now, all children have to go to school and learn to read and write.





In the ancient city of Konya is this tomb of the poet Celaladdin. There is also a wealth of art, sculpture and mosaic-work here and beautiful hand-woven rugs, as much as 700 years old. One of the hand-written books, beautifully decorated, is over 1,000 years old.



Turkish men love dancing and wrestling and the woman above are doing a traditional dance. On the right, a carpet-repairer sits in a booth in Istanbul. He works in public and people can stop and watch him. Even the poorest peasants have beautiful carpets, some of which have been handed down from one generation to another and are quite valuable. In winter, the carpets are hung on the walls and the backs of ill-fitting doors to keep out draughts. They make the rooms gay with bright colours.





BRER RABBIT

This week: The Wish-Me-Luck Well.

ONE fine day, when Brer Rabbit was sitting on his back doing nothing but stare at the sky, he saw a bit of blue among the white clouds and it looked just like a slice of blueberry pie with cream on top.

Brer Rabbit sat up, smacking his lips.

"And who's the best blueberry-pie maker in the whole world? Why, Miss Meadows, of course," he chuckled, kicking his heels together. "And who is Miss Meadows' best friend? Why, ME, of course!"

Well, it didn't take Brer Rabbit long to hop, skip and jump round to the big house where Miss Meadows lived. He found her on the porch at the back.

"Howdy, Miss Meadows. I just thought

I'd drop by in case there's anything you want done, like a letter posted or a fence mended or some honey-jars scraped out," he said. "And how's the blueberry crop coming along, by the way?"

"Oh, just fine, Brer Rabbit, just fine," said Miss Meadows. "I guess I'd have time to pick some and bake a pie if I wasn't so busy worrying."

"What about?" asked Brer Rabbit.

Miss Meadows pointed to a large, deep hole in the ground at the back of the house. It had been dug quite recently and it was surrounded by a big heap of rocks and stones.

"Is it supposed to be a well?" asked Brer Rabbit.

"It WAS!" sighed Miss Meadows. "The

men came and dug it, but they didn't find any water at the bottom. So it's been left as a hole and I don't like the look of it. Neither do I like the idea of having to fill it in. It would be awful hard work."

Brer Rabbit nodded. Then he thought for a moment, wetted his finger and held it up to test which way the wind was blowing.

"If you went indoors and started to bake a beautiful big blueberry pie, I reckon that hole could be filled in, Miss Meadows," he said.

"Oh, how kind of you, Brer Rabbit," said Miss Meadows. "But don't work too hard and strain yourself!"

Now, Brer Rabbit had not the slightest intention of working hard. Jingling some

coins in his hand, he trotted over to the pile of big stones and planned the first part of his scheme. Then he waited until the smell of pie-baking wafted on the wind down the valley.

Sure enough, the second part of Brer Rabbit's plan began to work, because the three figures of Brer Fox, Brer Wolf and Brer Bear began to hurry towards the house, and they were hungrily sniffing the air as they came.

They liked blueberry pie, too!

Brer Rabbit let them get close enough, and then started the third part of his plan. Picking up a large stone, he stepped to the deep hole and dropped it into it, at the same time murmuring in a mysterious voice:

"Down the well without a splash! Wish me luck and bring me cash!"

He waited a moment with his eyes shut, and then lifted up another big stone. And underneath it was a coin!

"It worked!" said Brer Rabbit aloud. "The wish-me-luck well worked!"

Watched by the other three, he put the coin in his pocket, dropped the stone

down the hole and said the magic words again:

"Down the well without a splash! Wish me luck and bring me cash!"

And to the astonishment of Brer Fox, Brer Wolf and Brer Bear he lifted up another stone and found another coin!

When all this happened a third time, they could not wait any longer to try it for themselves.

"Clear off, Brer Rabbit," growled Brer Bear, "or we'll eat you up!"

So Brer Rabbit sighed and wandered away round to the front of the house and sat on the porch. Presently Miss Meadows came out with a huge fresh-baked blueberry pie.

"How is it going?" she asked.

"Nicely, thank you," answered artful Brer Rabbit. "That's a nice pie."

"I thought it would help you to keep up your strength," said Miss Meadows. "And I can see your little baby rabs coming along up the hill. They might be a bit hungry, too."

Indeed they were. Miss Meadows went in to do some more baking, leaving Brer

Rabbit and the baby rabs to share the blueberry pie. It was delicious!

And round at the back, Brer Fox and his companions were busy dropping stones down the big hole as fast as they could and pulling and blowing as they said the magic words:

"Down the well without a splash! Wish me luck and bring me cash!"

But, of course, they didn't find any cash, because clever Brer Rabbit had put his own money under the stones.

In the end they filled the hole right up to the top and then, sad and sore and disappointed, they wandered away.

Miss Meadows was quite delighted.

"You must come round again for some more blueberry pie, Brer Rabbit," she said. "And bring your friends as well."

"Yes, perhaps that would be a good idea, Miss Meadows," smiled Brer Rabbit.

"After all," he added, as he raced the baby rabs home, "they did do all the work!"

Another Brer Rabbit tale for you in Once Upon A Time next week.



The Silent Foxes



1. Foxes are found in countries all over the world, hot and cold. The tiny Fennec foxes live in hot deserts. Arctic foxes live where there is plenty of snow. They have blue-grey fur to blend with the snow, but most foxes have rich, reddish brown fur with white underneath and black patches on legs and ears.

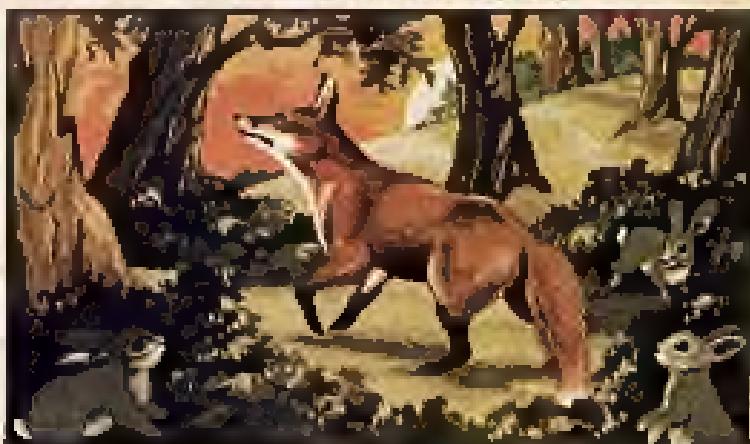


2. Its colouring helps to hide the fox, because it blends into the background of leaves, branches and shadows in the woods where it lives. It has a thick, bushy tail, which is called a bush. Foxes are solitary animals and like to live and hunt on their own, not in packs.

Like other members of the dog family



3. A fox rarely bothers to make a home for itself to live in. It looks for another animal's home and simply takes over. It likes an underground home, so it prefers a badger's home—waiting until the badger goes out and then moving in—or a rabbit's burrow. It blocks up all the tunnels but one.



4. We call the fox a nocturnal animal, because it goes out hunting at night, staying hidden in the daytime. Farmers hate foxes, because they raid the chicken runs and sometimes even kill lambs. Foxes also hunt rabbits and hares and birds which nest on the ground.

They rarely make a sound and move silently.



5. In early Spring four or five cubs are born. They stay with their mother, who is called a vixen, until they are able to look after themselves. Then, when Autumn comes, they go off to find homes of their own, leaving the vixen by herself.



6. Foxes are very cunning. Sometimes they will play and gambol to lure inquisitive rabbits near and then pounce on them. If pursued, a fox may leap sideways, double back or even mingle with sheep. It can swim and climb well, too, which is very useful.



The First Wheels

This is a Mystery Test. When you have read the story turn to page 18, where you will find some questions to answer.

In the very early days men went everywhere on foot carrying their goods on their backs.

When they settled down and began to live in villages and grow their own food, they wanted to trade with each other, so they had to find ways of carrying their goods from place to place.

At first they used sledges. For the men of early times were good at woodwork and found it easy to make wooden runners for sledges. They pulled the loaded sledges along easily.

When they began to build big temples and palaces they needed to move the big stones along for the buildings, and they found it was easier to do this if the stones were placed

on log rollers and rolled along.

One day, someone much brighter than the others had a good idea. He realised that if he cut round rings from the tree-trunks and joined them together with a pole it would be much better than sledges or rollers. These were the very first wheels.

The wheel was probably invented about 3,600 or 4,000 years ago and it made a great difference to people's lives. Now it was easy to make carts for hauling goods, carriages to ride in and chariots for use in battle.

The wheel is a very simple thing but even today we would be lost without it, for we would have no motor cars, trains or bicycles. There would be no watches and clocks for telling the time, for they have wheels inside them. Even worse, there would be no big machines to produce our goods and do our work for us, for machines have many wheels, of all sizes, inside them.

Next time you go for a ride or play with a toy which has wheels, you should think about the clever person who first had the idea of making wheels. We shall never know his name, but everywhere we go in our world we are reminded of him.

YOUR EDITOR'S LETTER

Dear Boys and Girls,

It's been such a lovely week and I have been so delighted with all your letters—and to know that you are enjoying Once Upon A Time so very much. Many of you write to tell me that you find the story of the soldier and his Tinder Box very exciting. I like it, too!

Your friend, The Editor.

The Glass Mountain

Three brothers, sons of a rich nobleman, set off to rescue a Princess from a castle on the top of a Glass Mountain. The way to the castle is a steep zig-zag path made of glass so slippery that it cannot be climbed.

RICHARD, the youngest of the sons, had watched his two elder brothers make the attempt to climb the steep path on strong horses with spiked shoes fitted on their hoofs.

Both had fallen miserably and were lucky to have suffered no more than some bumps and bruises after falling back down the slippery slopes.

Now it was Richard's turn to put his beautiful little silver pony to the test. It hotted on to the path, treading on the slippery glass surface without any difficulty.

"Easy now!" warned Richard. "Take it gently, my friend."

From below, the other two brothers watched the silver pony carry Richard higher and higher. It moved with sure-footed grace around the narrow bends and though it had no spiked shoes on its hoofs, it seemed to stick to the shiny glass like a fly on a window.

Up and up went Richard and the little pony and not once was there a slip or a fall.

"It is like magic!" said the eldest brother to the other one, as they craned back their necks to watch the progress of Richard. "What an amazing animal that silver pony is!"

At last the silver pony carried Richard to the very top of the zig-zag path. And there before them was the castle which held the beautiful Princess prisoner.

"Bravo, my beauty," Richard said, greatly relieved to come to a level bit of ground. "Now there remains only one thing more for us to do to complete our task, but that should not be very difficult."

The silver pony gave a neigh in answer, as though it understood. With head held proudly high and ears up, it bowed three times round

the castle.

"And now we must wait and see what happens next," said Richard. "We have done what was asked of us."

It was said that if someone rode to the top of the Glass Mountain and then encircled the castle three times, the wizard's wicked spell would be broken.

And, wonders of wonders, it was quite true! Slowly the great barred door of the castle opened and out stepped the lovely Princess.

Richard approached her, dismounted and made a low bow.

"Your servant, Princess," he said.

"And you have indeed served me well, good sir," the young girl replied.

Her eyes were shining with joy as she came closer and petted the silvery pony's head and made a great fuss of it, just as if she had known the little animal all her life.

And, to Richard's surprise, the pony gave a whinny of pleasure and nuzzled the hand of the Princess—as if it knew her, too!

Then Richard realised that the silvery pony was really a magic one.

"Now I see that he was once your own special little pony, Princess," he said. "I caught him helping himself to some barley in one of my father's fields and since then I have kept him."

"It was intended to be so," smiled the Princess. "This castle on top of the Glass Mountain was stolen from my father by a wizard who made it his home. Being curious to see it one day, I set out with my pony to climb to the top. Everybody believed this to be impossible, for they said that the wizard had made the glass slopes so slippery that nobody could ever reach the top. But my brave little silver pony did, without even the tiniest slip or fall."

"This did not please the wizard, though I meant him no harm," she went on. "He was furious to think that anyone could reach his safe hideout and he cast a spell on me, so

that I would remain a prisoner in the castle until a person climbed the Glass Mountain to rescue me."

"I understand," nodded Richard, "But what happened to the wizard?"

The Princess shrugged.

"I have no idea," she answered. "As soon as he had cast the spell upon me, the wizard vanished. I suppose that he left revengeful. Anyway, he seemed well satisfied that I would remain here alone for ever. But he forgot one thing."

"The silver pony?" asked Richard.

"Yes, you have guessed it," replied the smiling Princess. "My sweet and clever pony knew what to do. He went down the slippery slopes of the Glass Mountain to find a rescuer who would return and set me free from the wizard's spell. But first he had to attract attention to himself, which is why he raided your father's best barley and then allowed you to catch him without a struggle."

Richard took the Princess by the hand and helped her into the saddle of the silvery pony.

Then off they went down the steep mountain path again without so much as a slip or a fall.

When they reached the bottom, the two waiting brothers greeted them joyfully.

"Well done, Richard," the oldest said. "You were wonderful!"

"No, not I—but the little silver pony was indeed more than wonderful," Richard laughed.

They set off to return home, and when they reached the great house their father and all the servants were there to welcome them, for the story of the rescued Princess had spread very quickly.

Before the year was out, Richard and the Princess were married.

They went to live in the castle at the top of the Glass Mountain and there they stayed, together with the silver pony, and all three lived happily ever after.



The Snow-Queen's Daughter



1 Once there lived a humble woodcutter and his wife. They had no children and, they had always longed for a daughter. One day as the wife trudging home through the snow in some woods they had gathered, they came across a lovely little girl playing in the snow. She was chuckling and laughing and did not seem to notice the cold at all. Husband our wish for a daughter has been granted, cried the wife as she picked up the child.



3 The child was quite happy to sit in the snow outside the cottage playing with the icicles which hung from the roof. She loves them so much. I have the idea to sleep in, said the wife. But she is not like other children at all. Husband



2 They took the child home with them. The woodcutter made her some little wooden toys to play with and a little cot to sleep in. His wife made her clothes and gave her good food and saw that there was always a good fire to keep her warm, but although the child ate well, she would never play with the toys and she did not seem to like sitting near the fire at all. She seemed to like the cold snow and ice far more than the warm house.



4 When she is older, the wife said to her husband, said the wife sadly. The woodcutter agreed to please the child in the house, but she would stay with me. He went out and made a little boat of ice and snow. Perhaps she will like that, he said.



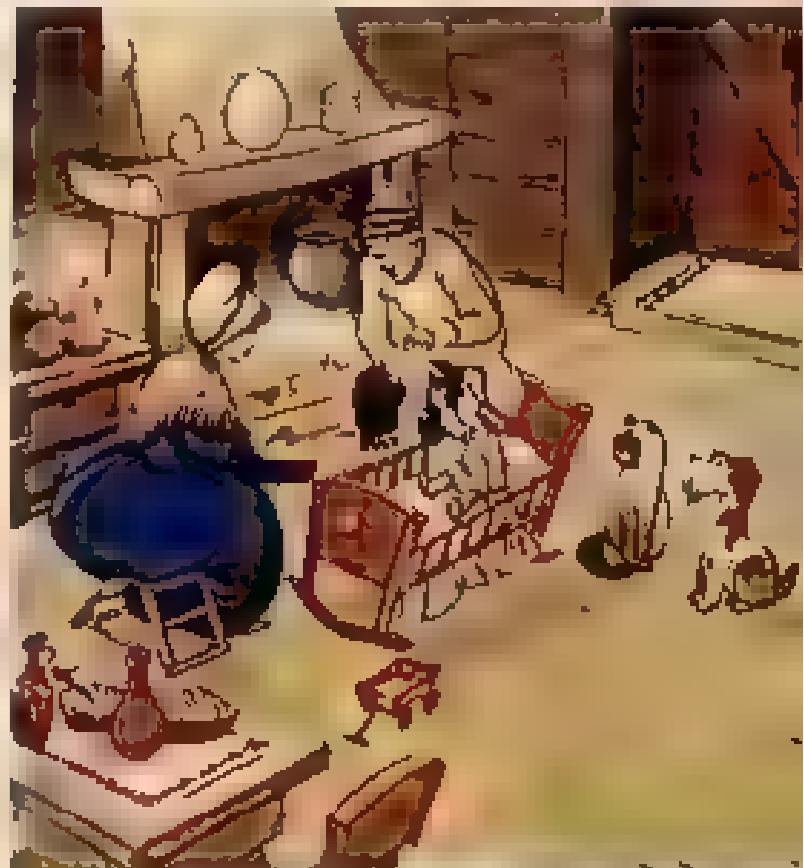
5. Now what the woodcutter and his wife did not know was that the child was really Tania, the Snow-Queen's daughter. One morning the had been with her mother who was putting the finishing touches to the early morning boat when she accidentally tumbled out of the Snow-Queen's chariot. Her mother, not noticing had driven on without Tania and had covered a great distance before she saw that her daughter had disappeared. She searched for her in vain.



6. The Snow-Queen set off in her chariot and arrived at the woodcutter's house in a flurry of snowflakes and ice crystals. Seeing her mother Tania ran to meet her, laughing happily. So she is a fury's child and now she will keep us, said the wife.

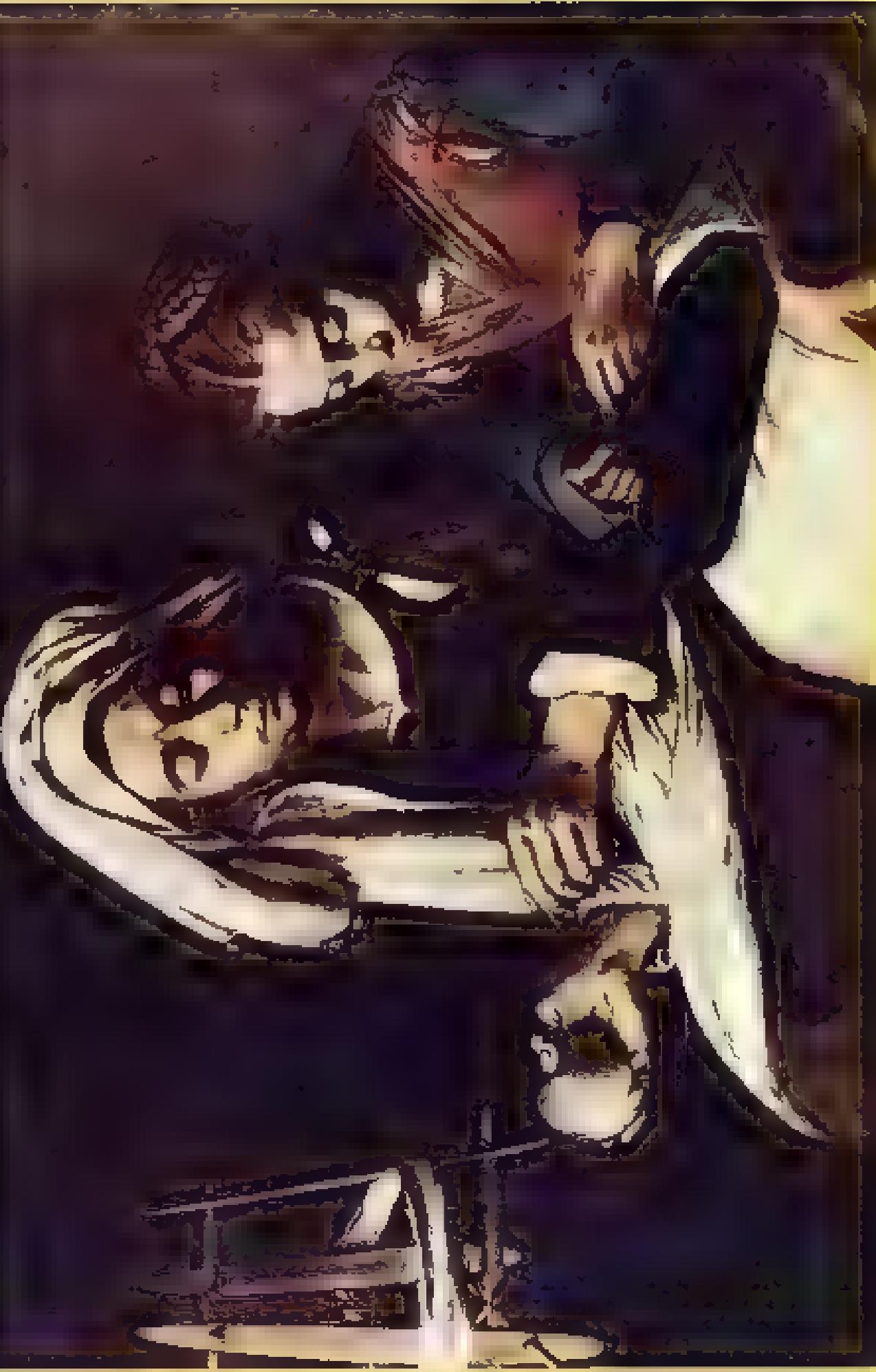


7. The Snow Fairies were roaming the world in search of Tania and one of them saw the woodcutter making the snow doll and heard his words. She turned back and told the Snow-Queen, He has my daughter, said the Queen. No other child would wish for such a toy.



8. The Snow-Queen was so grateful to get Tania back safe and well that she granted the couple one wish and when a year and a day had passed the wish came true. The woodcutter and his wife had a little daughter of their own and were very very happy.

Beautiful Paintings



Many people have seen and admired the traditional Indian paintings of women and children. These paintings are a unique form of art that has been passed down through generations. They are often done in a minimalist style, using only a few colors to create a sense of depth and atmosphere. The subjects are usually women in saris, holding their children, or performing daily chores. The use of light and shadow is a key element in these paintings, creating a sense of depth and realism. The colors used are often earthy tones, such as browns, yellows, and reds, which give the paintings a warm and inviting feel. The overall style is simple and elegant, reflecting the beauty and grace of Indian culture.

Indian paintings are a unique form of art that has been passed down through generations. They are often done in a minimalist style, using only a few colors to create a sense of depth and atmosphere. The subjects are usually women in saris, holding their children, or performing daily chores. The use of light and shadow is a key element in these paintings, creating a sense of depth and realism. The colors used are often earthy tones, such as browns, yellows, and reds, which give the paintings a warm and inviting feel. The overall style is simple and elegant, reflecting the beauty and grace of Indian culture.

Lady Jane Grey

A great grand-daughter of King Henry the Seventh, Lady Jane Grey was a sad figure in English History, who was beheaded after a reign of only nine days. She was born in 1537 and her death came in 1554.

By joining the dots of the puzzle from 1 to 29 you will draw a wonderful illustration of Tudor times, called a Tudor mirror.



Join the dots of the puzzle above from 1 to 26. You will then see a Tudor shield.





Stephanie and the Country Mouse

Uncle Marmaduke comes to town

STEPHANIE, the smart, handsome mouse who lived in a large house in the town, was all dressed up. She had a nice new dress on and a new leather stool draped around her shoulders, and she thought she looked simply gorgeous.

There was just one problem. Stephanie had nowhere to go. When she was all dressed up and looking her very best, she took off all her nice things off, and here she was at home, with no one to admire her except herself.

Just then, there was a loud knock! I took outside the door it was Stephen's boy-friend, Nigel, coming to take her out for a drive in his smart car. Stephanie was pleased to see him, although being

She only said, "H'm! You know, the trouble with going out in that car of yours, Nigel, is that if the hood is up, nobody

is down, the wind blows my hair all over the place and end up by looking very unattractive indeed."

But Nigel soon solved that problem. Well, I know when we'll do, he said. "We'll drive very slowly through the town with the hood down. There's not much wind and if we go slowly it will hardly ruffle a hair. Then we'll put the hood up and have a nice drive into the country and visit your country cousin, Winifred."

"Visit Winifred?" exclaimed Stephanie. "Whatever for? She's so dull!"

Nigel. "All our friends are away and besides—she does make such lovely cakes." And then he added hastily, "And you know she always admires your clothes so much."

"Yes, I suppose you're right," agreed — so out she went and got into the car and she and Nigel drove off.

They went slowly through the town, as Nigel had promised, and Stephanie was pleased to see lots of heads turn as they

drove past and hear whispers of, "What?"

Then Nigel put the hood up, and he felt pleased, for he was out in the country and he could drive quite fast—which he liked.

They reached the little country cottage where Winifred lived and knocked on the door. Winifred opened it with her apron still on and looking quite pink and

"Why, Stephanie, I'm pleased to see you, dear," said Winifred. "Do come in, both of you. It's been a most exciting day just full of visitors."

"Visitors?" said Stephanie, suspiciously. She began to wish she had not come. It's sure to be some terribly dull country bumpkin, she thought, but, of course, she couldn't leave now. So in the room after Winifred—and there, sitting on Winifred's best chair, was the most surprising mouse she'd ever seen.

"This is Uncle Marmaduke Mouse," beamed Winifred. "He's come to visit me. How lucky you came too. I've been telling Uncle Marmaduke all about you."

Stephanie looked hard at Uncle Marmaduke and thought she had never seen a mouse like him. He had long, curling whiskers and very bushy eyebrows. He wore a gay tartan shirt, which hung outside his trousers and a brightly-coloured scarf around his neck.

"This is our Stephanie," Winifred said to Uncle Marmaduke. "You can see she's the beauty of the family."

They ate our dinner and then — tucking into Winifred's cream cakes which he loved, while Stephanie tried to make polite conversation. "Where do you come from, Uncle Marmaduke?" she

"I like to move around, you know," he replied. "I don't like to stay in one place too long. It gets boring."

"And what do you do?" asked Stephanie.

"I'm an artist," Uncle Marmaduke re-

plied. "I like painting portraits. Many of

you. She said you were so pretty that I must paint a portrait of you."

Stephanie was so pleased that she went pink right to her ears.

"Why, I would love to have my portrait painted," she said very grandly. "You must come and stay at my big town

ready for you."

But Uncle Marmaduke shook his head. "I will paint a lovely portrait of you, he

clothes. But I shall only paint you if I can stay here, in Winifred's cottage. Like Winifred's cakes and I like to eat

But I will have the best cakes sent in from the cake shop every day," said Stephanie a little put out.

"The cake shop, pooh," said Uncle Marmaduke. "No cake shop could make cakes like Winifred and her tea is just right."

Stephanie was so keen to have her portrait painted by a famous artist mouse, that she agreed to Uncle Marmaduke's conditions without too much fuss. But she couldn't wait to get back to town to show all her smart friends the portrait Uncle Marmaduke was painting.

Next week the portrait is revealed

There are some questions from the story on page 8. Try to answer them and see how great your memory is.

1. What did men first use for carrying their goods from place to place?
2. How did they move stones along to build their temples?



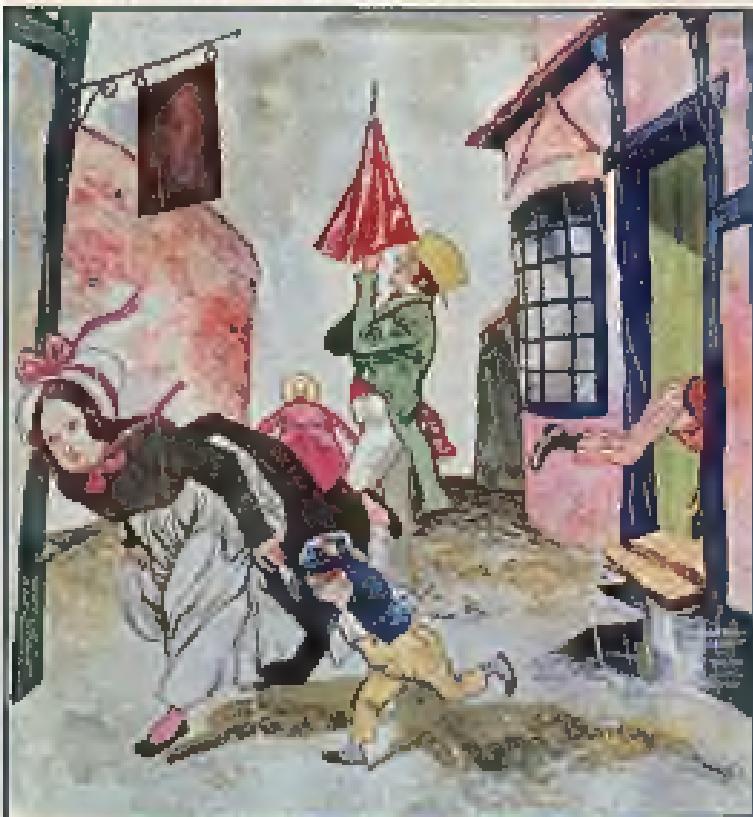
The Magic Umbrella



1. Samuel Jones was tired of getting wet every time it rained. "I must buy myself an umbrella," he said, finally, so he went into an umbrella shop. He looked at all the umbrellas and the one he liked most was one with a goose-neck handle, so he bought it.



2. Of course, after that, it didn't rain for days. Samuel Jones wanted to try out his new umbrella, so every time he went out for a walk, he took it with him. "Ah, I think it might rain today," he would say, peering up at the sky, but it never did.



3. Then, on market day, a great cloud blotted out the sun and big drops of rain began to fall. "Run for cover," people shouted. "There's going to be a storm." Everyone fled but Mr. Jones. He wanted to stay in the sun and try out his nice new umbrella.



4. Samuel Jones was never quite sure what happened next, but no sooner had he opened the umbrella than he shot up into the air like a rocket. He did not think of letting go of the handle until it was too late. He was much too far off the ground to do that.



5. He was just beginning to wonder where they were going and whether it might be better to let go after all and hope he landed on something soft, when the umbrella stopped whizzing like a rocket and began to drop gently towards a little house.



6. Samuel Jones landed with a bump on a nice, soft loaf of hay. Then he heard a voice say, "Thank you for bringing my umbrella home. It's been sulking, because I don't like getting wet and whenever it sulks, it hoots." A little old woman stood there.



7. "It brought itself home, really," said Mr. Jones. "Well, come inside and I will make you a drink of tea," said the old woman. Mr. Jones did not really want tea, but in he went to be polite and he was quite glad, when he saw a broomstick in the corner.



8. "It would never do to offend a witch," he said to himself, as he drank his tea. After that, he never bothered with umbrellas. "I might buy one that belongs to a witch in Iceland," he said, so instead he bought himself yellow oil-skins, which kept him just as dry.

The WISE OLD OWL Knows all the answers



The Wise Old Owl will answer many interesting questions which you have asked him.



1. Do birds eat snakes?

"The Secretary bird, a kind of hawk which lives in Africa, is a well-known snake killer and farmers sometimes keep it as a pet to keep their farms clear of snakes and rats. The bird hunts its prey on foot and, if a snake strikes, takes the blow safely on its wing feathers. To kill the snake, the bird strikes it behind the head with its foot or, with a very big snake, carries it into the air and drops it down."



2. Why are the supports of railway lines called sleepers?

"The name 'sleeper' probably came from the Norwegian word 'sleip', which was a smooth piece of timber over which heavy objects could be dragged. The first sleepers were made of wood. Now they are often made of metal or concrete."



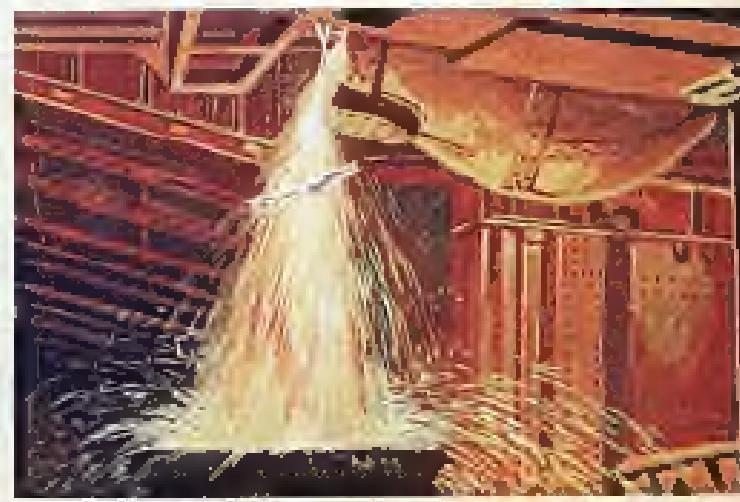
3. Which is the oldest known city in the world?

"The oldest city known to archaeologists is at Jericho, on the extreme North of the Dead Sea. Tests show that the earliest settlement is nearly ten thousand years old. Fortifications also indicate that the people of Jericho had to keep off enemies."



4. Who invented the escalator?

"Charles D. Seeberger. They were first made by Otis Elevator Co. by agreement with him, and shown at the Paris exhibition in 1860."



5. What is molten metal?

"Metal that has been melted, or turned into liquid by great heat. It can then be cast into different shapes by pouring into a mould."